



## Italy's Eyes



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### Chapter 1 by Devix Perez

No, this story does not take place in Italy nor is it about a person named Italy, well close. This is about my ineffable limerence in 1945 about my childhood friend named Collin. Me and my friends would call him Italy as his code name. We named him that since we first mistook where he used to live, and we had like to give everyone in our classroom country codewords.

Anyway, Italy transferred in late hot August of 1945, his sweet brown hazel eyes reflected the sunlit classroom and dark curled licorice hair imprinted in my mind for years on to come. The morning of dawn made his freckles and eyes glimmer to the sun warmth tone lighting. No one spoke a word, especially the girls in my class. The silence dwindled till Italy shuffled to his seat. For such a distraction to be born, in a good way. I seem, no, i couldn't focus, he own presence and every little thing he had done were oddly alluring and interesting to watch. I am much embarrassed to even say, but for the past two weeks, I was much infatuated with Italy, yet had no courage to talk to him. nor did he communicate with any other. I unfortunately always stole a glance at him during math class.

One morning, I stole a glance at him, he looked back and locked on to my stare. I widen my eyes

in shock and terror yet i held my sight upon him. I awkwardly stared back into his eyes, his eyes were just too much, too much even for me. I felt the sun, only to be seen by me. This mere staring contest only lasted for a minute but for me it was oblivion. This moment was the first encounter to

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